A thrilling new Tarzan story begins on page 14

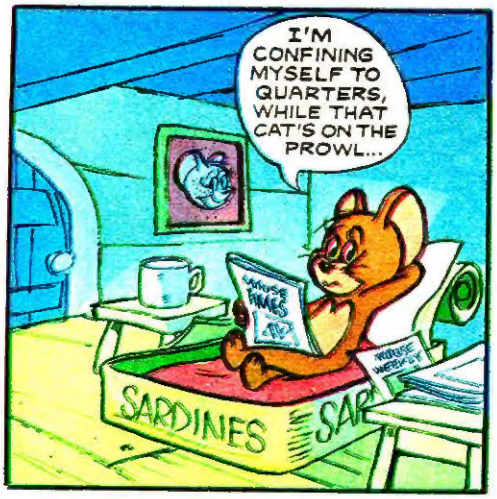
TV COMIC

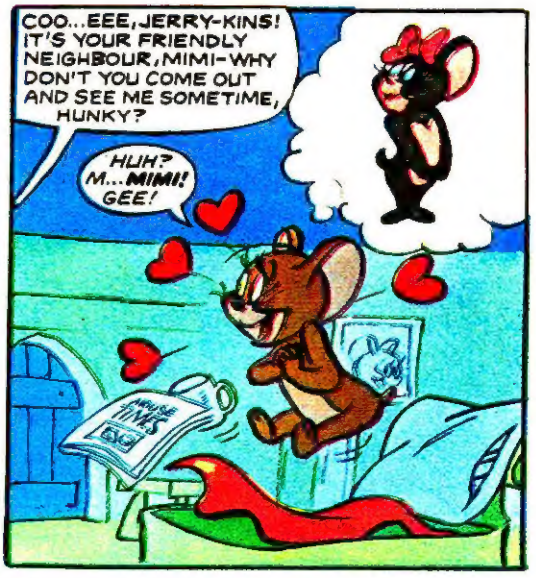
6p

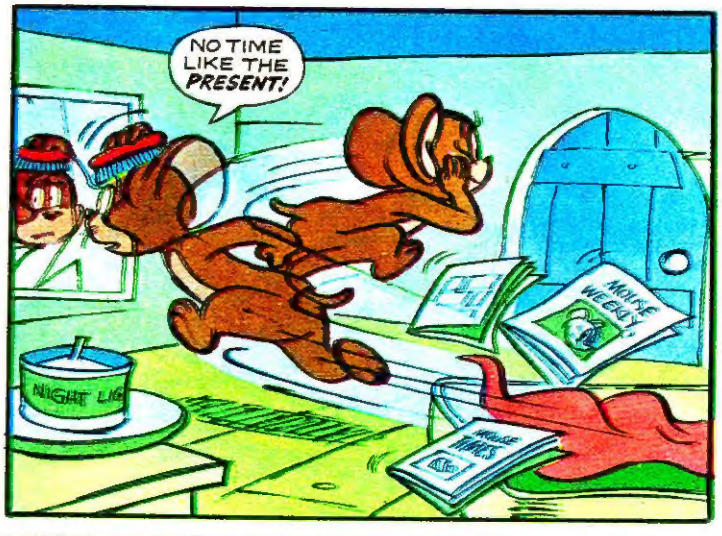
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

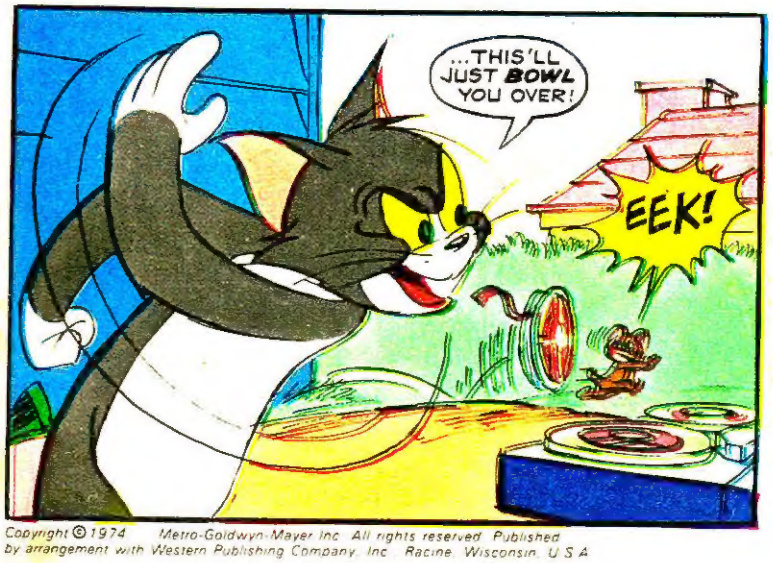
Every Monday | Week ending July 27, 1974 | Number 1180

TOM and JERRY




COO...EEE, JERRY-KINS! IT'S YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOUR, MIMI-WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT AND SEE ME SOMETIME, HUNKY?
HUH? M...MIMI! GEE!
MOUSE TIMES





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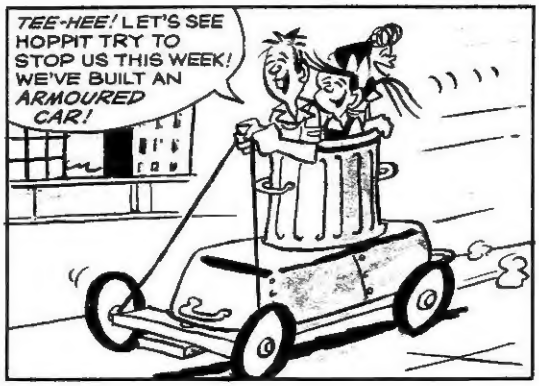
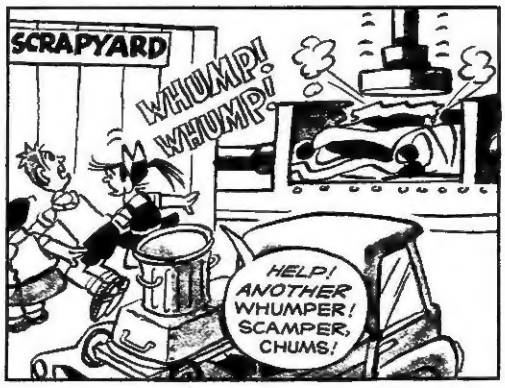
Take a spin to page 2 . . .

GUESS YOU KINDA MADE A...ER...SPOOL OF YOURSELF THERE, JERRY! HEH-HEH!
CLICK
SO LONG, RODENT! SEE YOU A-ROUND!
OOOH!
WHIRL!
IF T...TOM THINKS HE...HE'S PUT ME IN A SPIN...
...I AIM TO TURN THE TABLES...
?
...AND MAKE SURE MY BOOT'S IN THE OTHER'S EYE!
BOK!
GAH! MY TAPE-RECORDER... I'LL TEACH YOU, TOM!
UH?
HELP!
GAAH! I'LL MINCE YOU FER THAT, MOUSE!
I'D BETTER SOCKET TO TOM ONCE AND FOR ALL-IT'S TIME I CALLED FOR HELP!
...JUST FOR THE RECORD, SNIGGER, I GUESS MAID'S REELLY GOT TOM TAPED! CHUCKLE!
MAID'S PRETTY MAD- AND I THINK TOM'S GOT THE MESSAGE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE...

Athletic antics with your pals next week.

TV Terrors



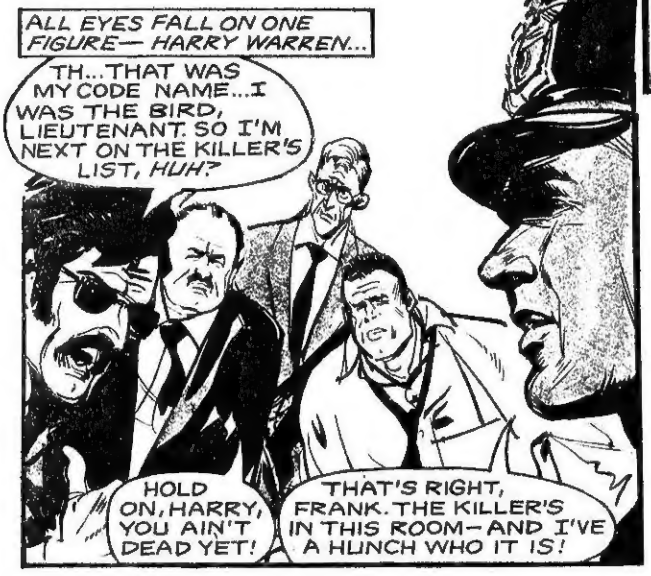


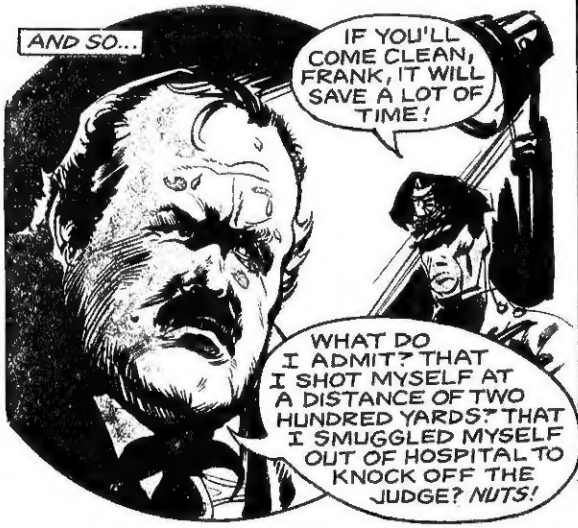
Hoppit's in a 'spin' soon!

CANNON

FRANK Cannon is one-time member of an Army security unit in Korea, which seems destined for complete annihilation. Escaping the assassin's bullet, Cannon attends his bogus funeral, which the other members also attend. Here, ex-leader Colonel Schneider, is murdered with a poisoned dart. Once again the murderer sends a wreath and a mysterious message . . .

YOU HAVE?
WHO'S THE ONLY GUY TO SURVIVE THE ASSASSIN? WHO SAID HE FOUND THIS CARD ON THE BELFRY FLOOR?
COME ON, MASTERMIND, GIVE US THE WORKS!


ALL EYES FALL ON ONE FIGURE— HARRY WARREN...
TH...THAT WAS MY CODE NAME...I WAS THE BIRD, LIEUTENANT. SO I'M NEXT ON THE KILLER'S LIST, HUH?
HOLD ON, HARRY, YOU AIN'T DEAD YET!
THAT'S RIGHT, FRANK. THE KILLER'S IN THIS ROOM—AND I'VE A HUNCH WHO IT IS!


AND SO...
IF YOU'LL COME CLEAN, FRANK, IT WILL SAVE A LOT OF TIME!
WHAT DO I ADMIT? THAT I SHOT MYSELF AT A DISTANCE OF TWO HUNDRED YARDS? THAT I SMUGGLED MYSELF OUT OF HOSPITAL TO KNOCK OFF THE JUDGE? NUTS!

RELENTLESSLY THE INTERROGATION GOES ON, UNTIL..
RECKON WE'VE OVERDONE IT, JIM. HE MUST STILL BE WEAK FROM THAT SLUG IN THE SHOULDER!

AND BEFORE LONG...
STOP THAT GUY!
POLICE
POLICE PARK
SORRY, SON. I HAVE TIME TO MAKE UP! I HAVE TO FIND HARRY WARREN BEFORE THE KILLER DOES!

BUT ON A LONELY STRETCH OF NEARBY COAST...
HEY, PETE, THAT'S HARRY WARREN'S BOAT, IT SEEMS TO BE ADRIFT!
YEAH! BUT WHERE IS HE? HE WAS ABOARD WHEN SHE WENT OUT, I SAW HIM!

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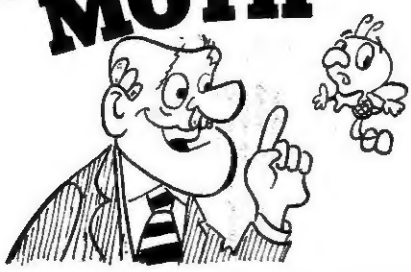
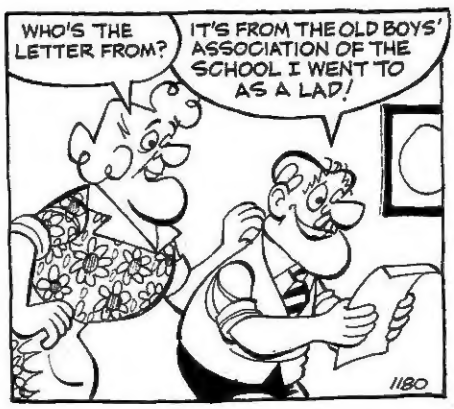
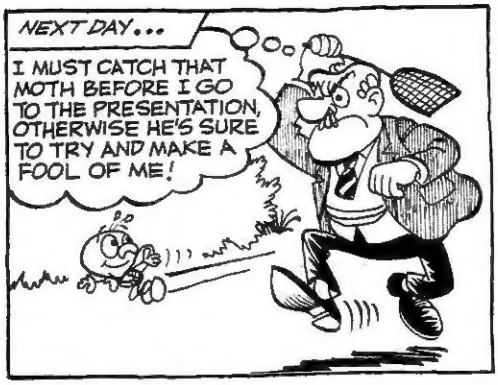
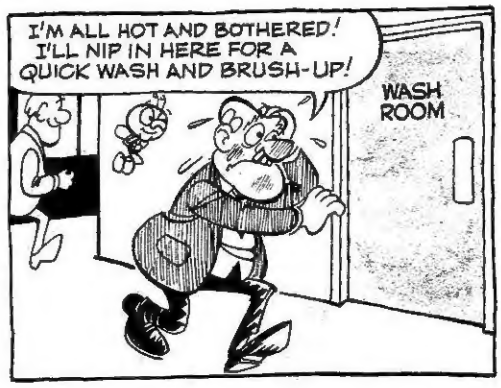
Another exciting episode next week.

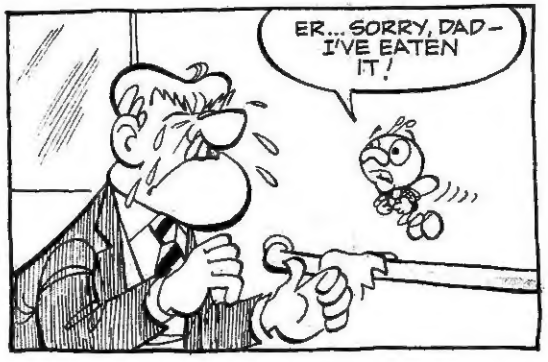
MIGHTY MOTH







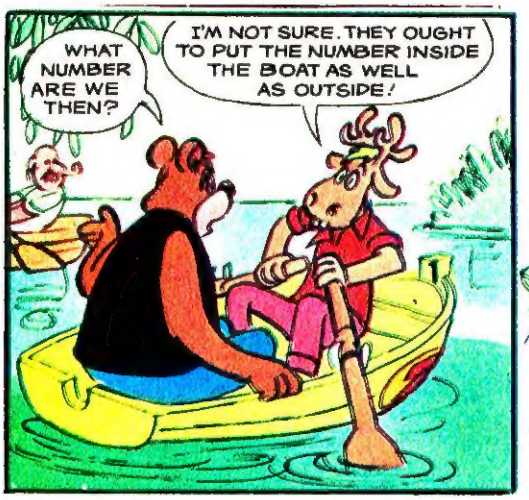


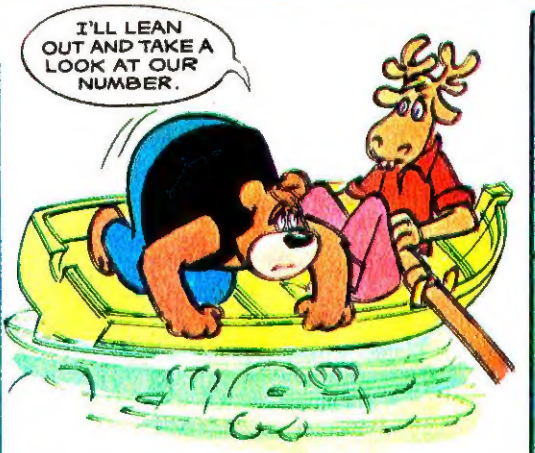


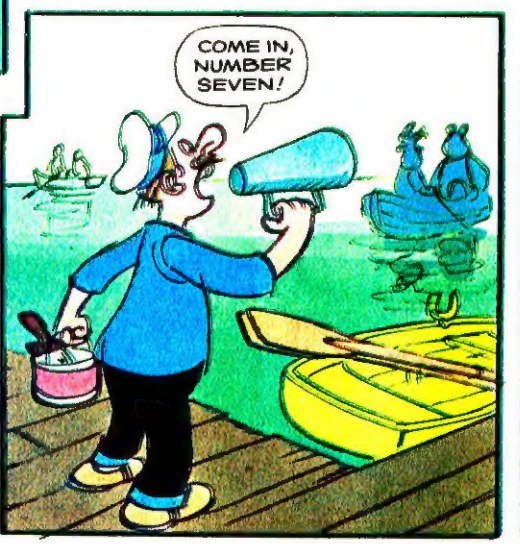
WHACK! WHACK
I SHALL DEAL WITH YOU NOW AS I DEALT WITH YOU THEN!
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!
I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE BORING!
EXIT
HOWL! YOWL!

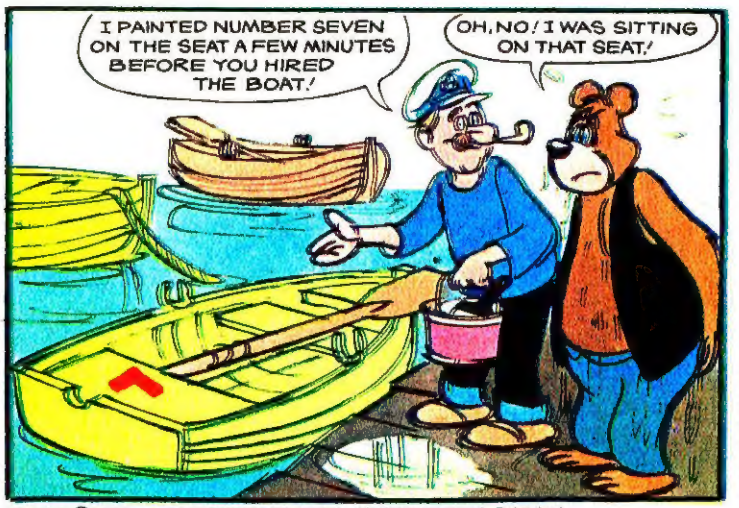
Soon: Ma's 'flaming' mad with Dad!

BARNEY BEAR









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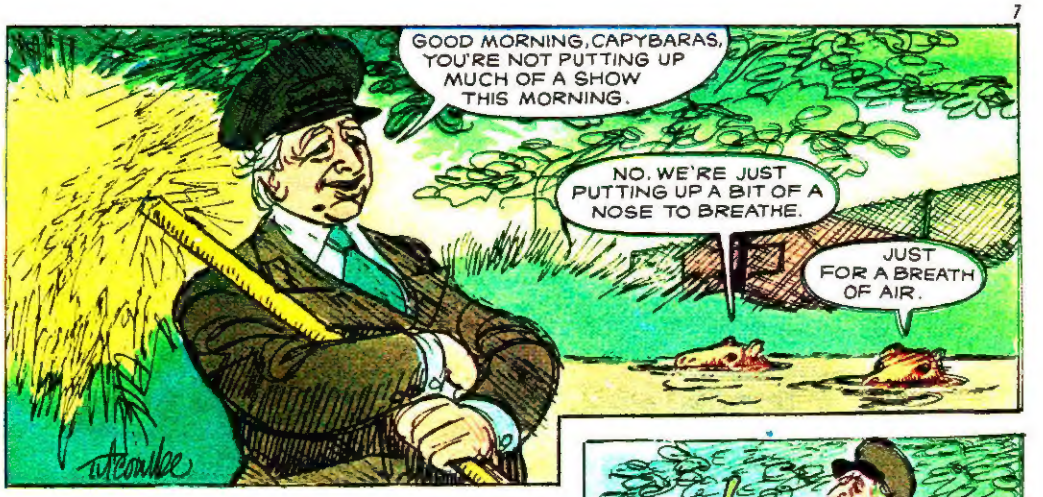
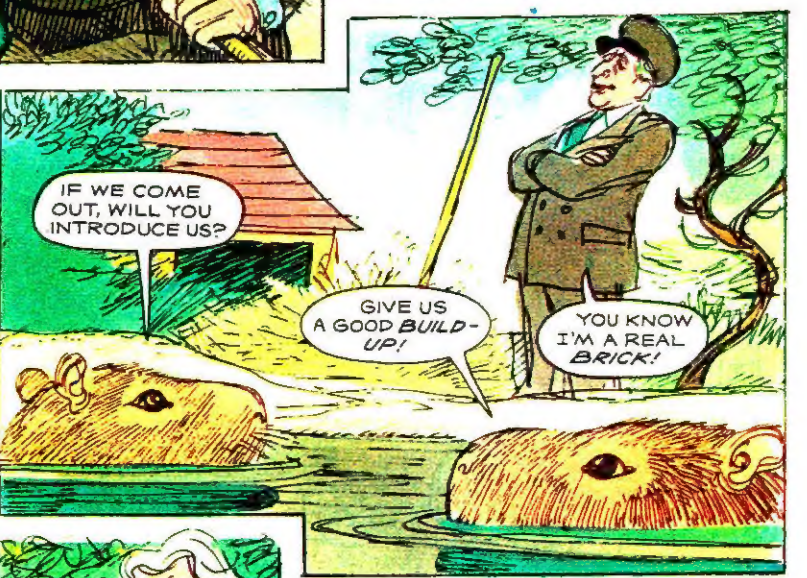
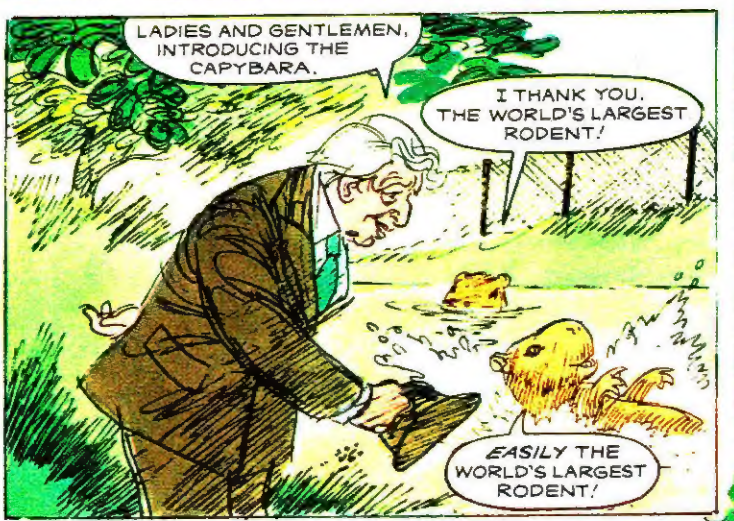
A Seagull story with Barney soon.

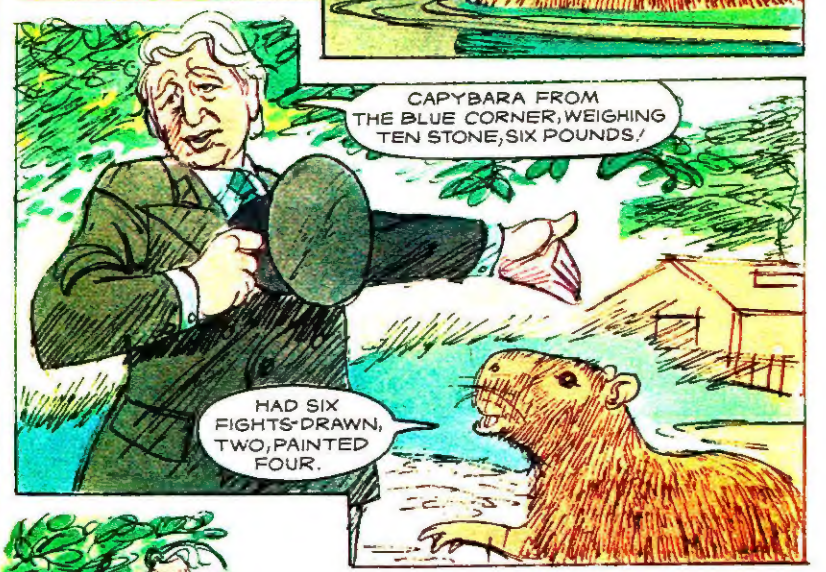
Johnny Morris's

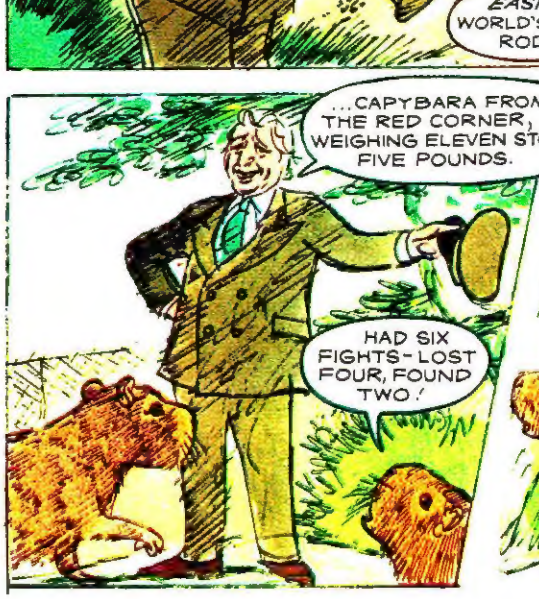
ANIMAL MAGIC

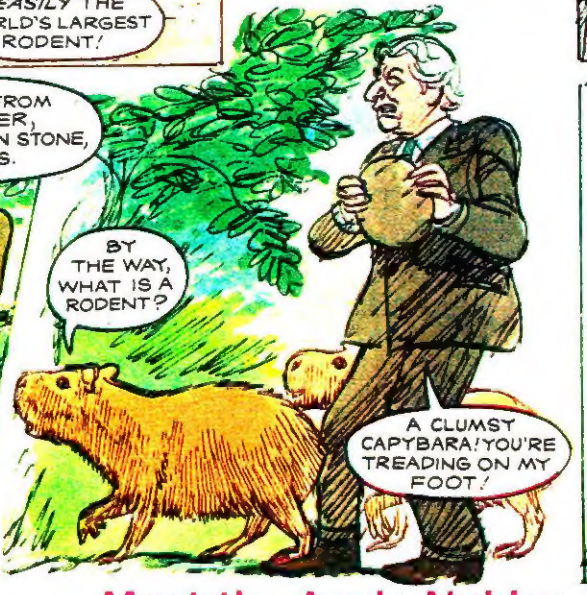

GOOD MORNING, CAPYBARAS, YOU'RE NOT PUTTING UP MUCH OF A SHOW THIS MORNING.
NO, WE'RE JUST PUTTING UP A BIT OF A NOSE TO BREATHE.
JUST FOR A BREATH OF AIR.



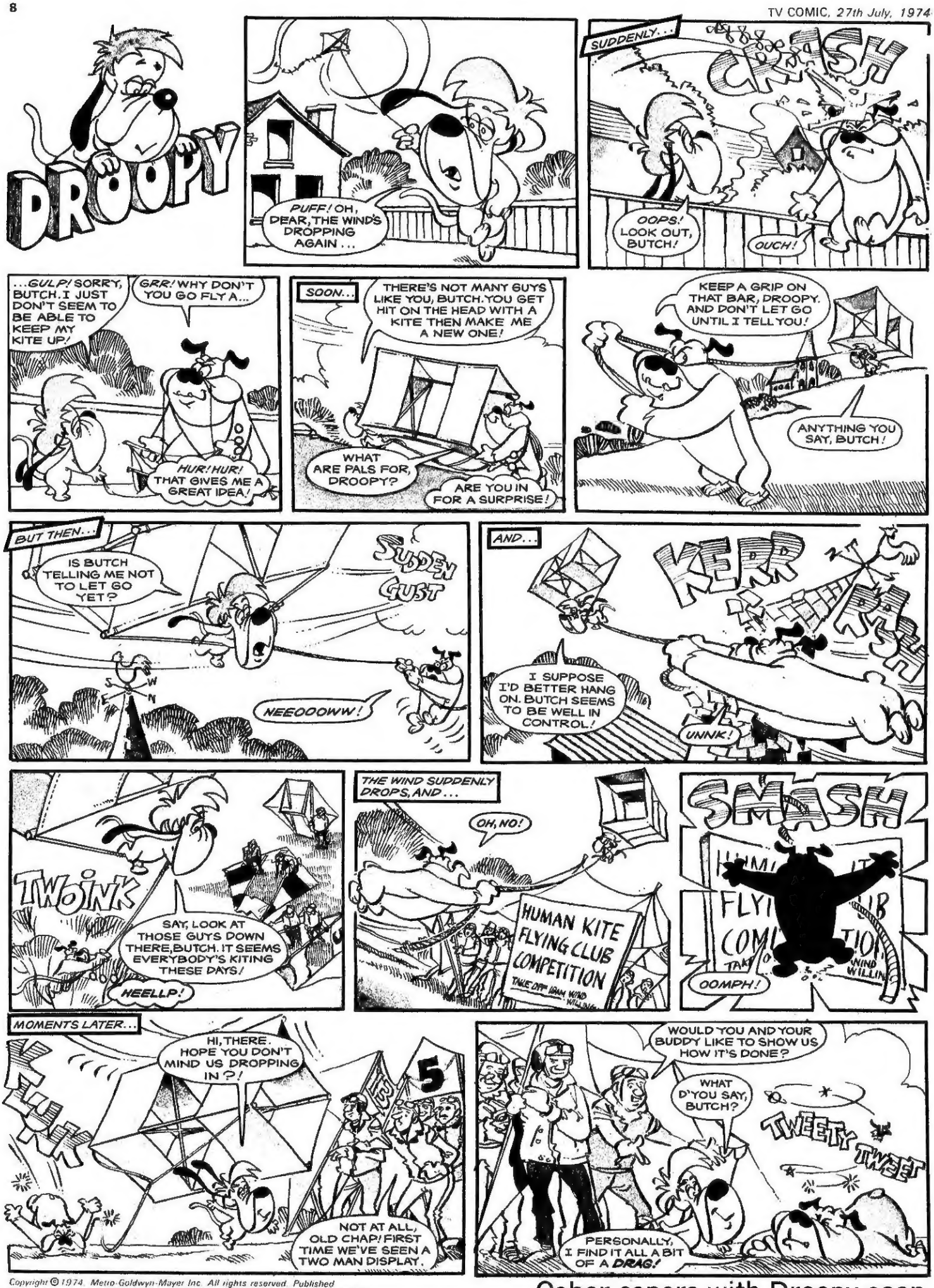








Meet the Anglo Nubian Goats here next week.


DROOPY
PUFF! OH, DEAR, THE WIND'S DROPPING AGAIN...
SUDDENLY...
CRASH
OOPS! LOOK OUT, BUTCH!
OUCH!
...GULP! SORRY, BUTCH. I JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO KEEP MY KITE UP!
GRR! WHY DON'T YOU GO FLY A...
HUR! HUR! THAT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA!
SOON...
THERE'S NOT MANY GUYS LIKE YOU, BUTCH. YOU GET HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A KITE THEN MAKE ME A NEW ONE!
WHAT ARE PALS FOR, DROOPY?
ARE YOU IN FOR A SURPRISE!
KEEP A GRIP ON THAT BAR, DROOPY. AND DON'T LET GO UNTIL I TELL YOU!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, BUTCH!
BUT THEN...
IS BUTCH TELLING ME NOT TO LET GO YET?
SUDDEN GUST
NEEOOOWW!
AND...
KERR
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER HANG ON. BUTCH SEEMS TO BE WELL IN CONTROL!
UNNK!
TWOINK
SAY, LOOK AT THOSE GUYS DOWN THERE, BUTCH. IT SEEMS EVERYBODY'S KITING THESE DAYS!
HEELLP!
THE WIND SUDDENLY DROPS, AND...
OH, NO!
HUMAN KITE FLYING CLUB COMPETITION
SMASH
OOMPH!
MOMENTS LATER...
HI, THERE. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND US DROPPING IN?!
5
NOT AT ALL, OLD CHAP! FIRST TIME WE'VE SEEN A TWO MAN DISPLAY.
WOULD YOU AND YOUR BUDDY LIKE TO SHOW US HOW IT'S DONE?
WHAT D'YOU SAY, BUTCH?
TWEETY TWEET
PERSONALLY, I FIND IT ALL A BIT OF A DRAG!

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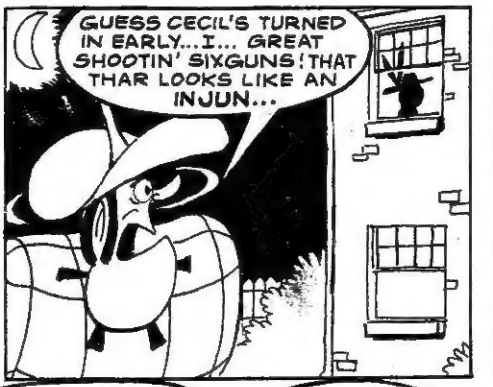
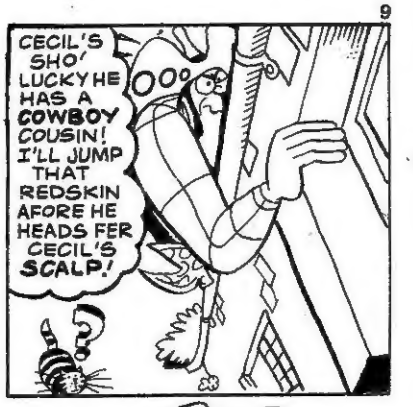
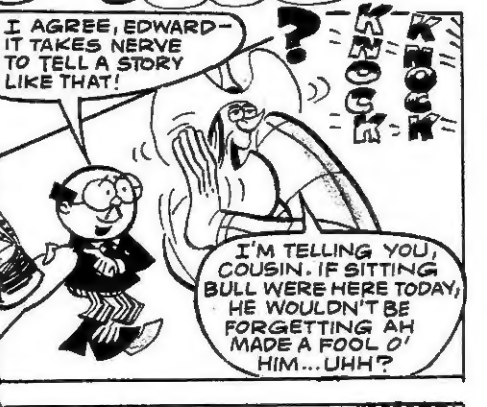
Caber capers with Droopy soon.

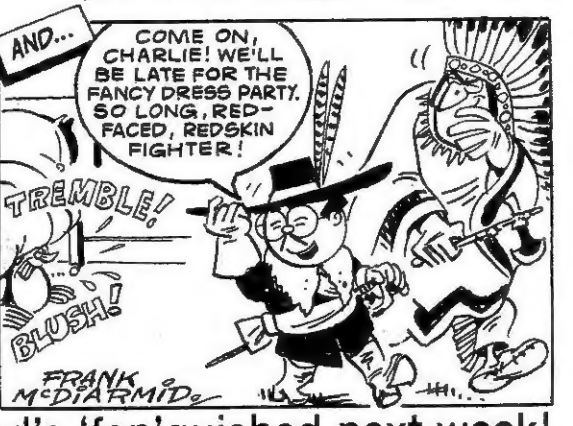
Texas Ted





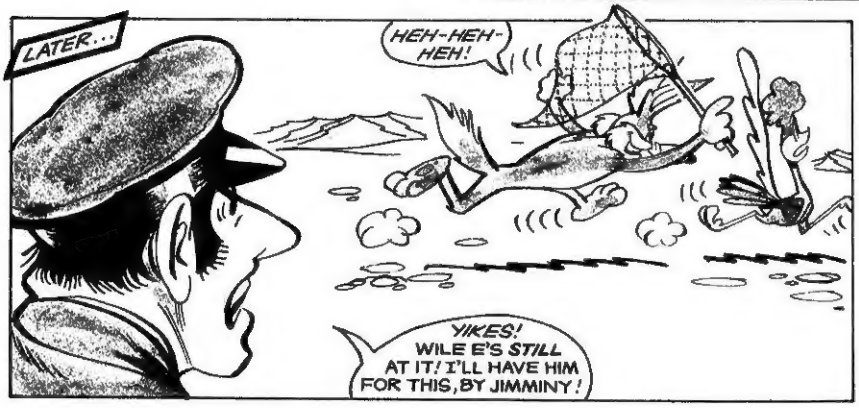
AH FIGGURED AH HAD THIS FINE FEATHERED BIRD HOLED UP-AN' AH INTENDED TUH GIT IT!
AH KINDA GOT MORE THAN AH BARGAINED FER, COUSIN! YESSIRREE! I'D GRABBED OLD SITTING BULL HISSELF!
GRAB

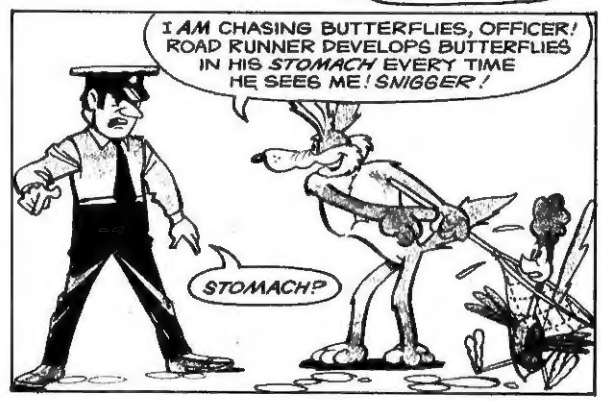

I AGREE, EDWARD- IT TAKES NERVE TO TELL A STORY LIKE THAT!
KNOCK KNOCK
I'M TELLING YOU, COUSIN. IF SITTING BULL WERE HERE TODAY, HE WOULDN'T BE FORGETTING AH MADE A FOOL O' HIM... UHH?

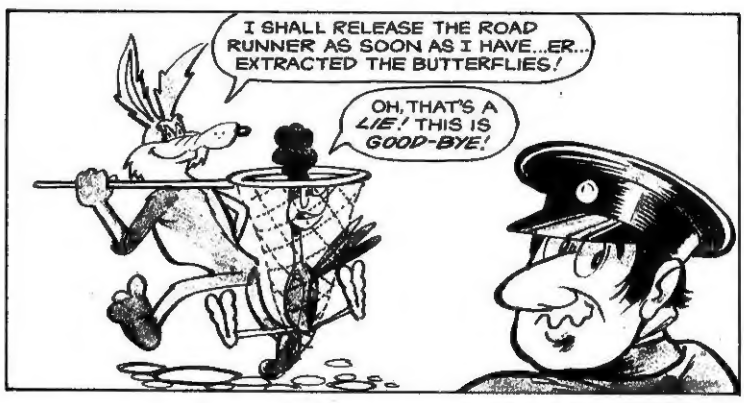

AND...
COME ON, CHARLIE! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE FANCY DRESS PARTY. SO LONG, RED-FACED, REDSKIN FIGHTER!
TREMBLE!
BLUSH!
FRANK McDIARMID

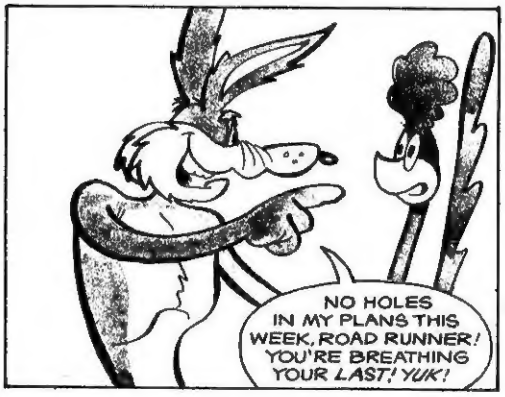
Ted's 'fan'quished next week!

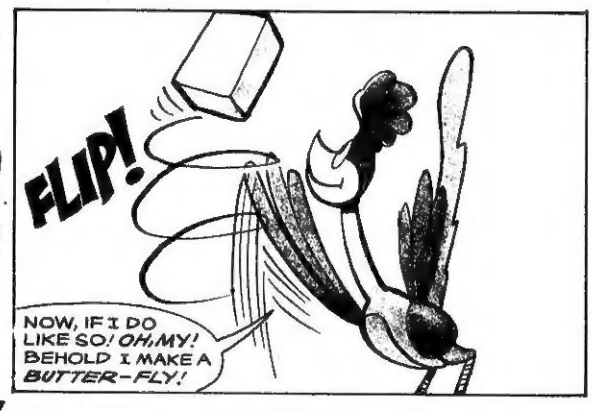
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner

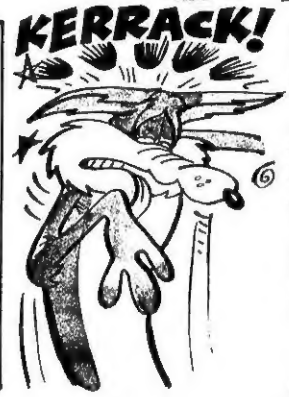



I AM CHASING BUTTERFLIES, OFFICER! ROAD RUNNER DEVELOPS BUTTERFLIES IN HIS STOMACH EVERY TIME HE SEES ME! SNIGGER!
STOMACH?









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Next week Wile E's 'pie-eyed'!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

What a surprise when I received two tickets for the Cinderella on Ice Show. How nice to win a competition at last, but I didn't receive the tickets until April and the show was in December! I wonder where my tickets have been all this time? At the bottom of one of those big red pillar-boxes where I post all my letters! I hope you have another competition this Christmas.

Cheryl Greenway, Tatsfield, Kent.

Sorry, Cheryl. Glad you're not too disappointed. As you say, there's always another time.

Dear Editor

My name is Karen. This is a picture of me with my twin sister, Dawn, my eldest sister, Kim, and Glenn, my brother. Dawn and I are eight years old, but Dawn is five minutes older than me! This photograph was taken on Hayling Island when we were four years old.

Woolston, Southampton.

I expect you've grown a bit since this was taken, and Dawn is still five minutes older!

Dear Editor

My name is Jennifer McDonnell and I have been reading TV Comic for a long time now. I have three brothers who also read TV Comic, so I set my alarm clock for seven-thirty on Friday morning so that I can sneak downstairs and read it first. My favourite features are Texas Ted and TV Terrors.

Acton, London.

Take note, lads. You'll have to get up by seven if you want to foil that sister of yours!!

Dear Editor

This is a photograph of me with my sister Susan I am the one on the right. My hobbies are swimming, reading and gardening . . . I enjoy reading TV Comic and my favourites are Popeye and Nelly and her Telly.

Sarah Bridge, Lancashire.

*A **right** one you look, too. Thanks for writing.*

* * * * * *

This is a limerick for Readers' Page:

There was a man called Tim,
Who wanted to go for a swim,
He looked such a fool, when he dived in the pool,
And found there was no water within!

Paul Stacey, Cambs.

Now Tim had a daughter called Jane,
Whose face was remarkably plain.
The reason, Tim's daughter, would dive without water,
Into that pool again and again and again!

* * * * * *

Dear Editor

My name is Christopher Jeans and I am nearly 12 years old. I have two brothers called Alan and Lionel. My hobbies are puppets and magic, and I like to do charity shows. This picture shows me holding one of my eight string puppets and my ventriloquist doll. My favourite characters in TV Comic are Pink Panther and Popeye.

Bournemouth, Hants.

It looks as if it won't be long before you have you're own TV show, Christopher. Who knows you might even appear in TV Comic regularly one day?!!

Dear Editor

While reading TV Comic 1169 I noticed a letter on Reader's Page which described a way to feed birds with a plastic bag. As I know about birds and belong to a society of birds, I feel that I must tell TV Comic readers NOT to do this as they could kill the birds by letting them peck at the bag, as little pieces of plastic could get stuck in their throats and choke them. It is a very good idea to give food to the birds, but please, not in this way

John Millar, Broadstairs, Kent

Thanks, John. I remember this letter well and commended it. It is easy to see how confusion has crept in I myself thought the reader was suggesting those plastic mesh bags used by supermarkets to pack fresh vegetables. I see now, that others might confuse these with ordinary plastic bags. PLEASE TAKE NOTE ORNITHOLOGISTS!

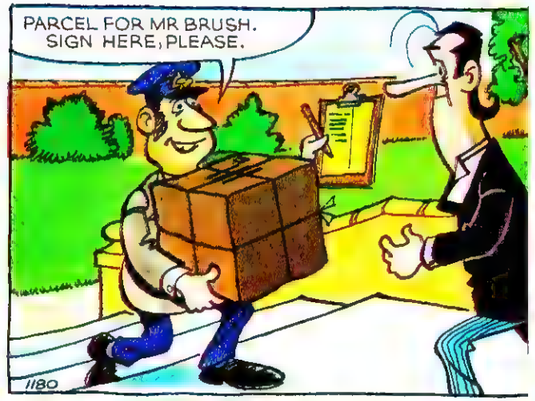
STAR LETTER

I AM WRITING TO TELL YOU ABOUT MY little sister. A while ago I was telling her about how Guy Fawkes attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament She looked very surprised and said, "Blow up the Houses of Parliament? But he wouldn't have enough breath!"

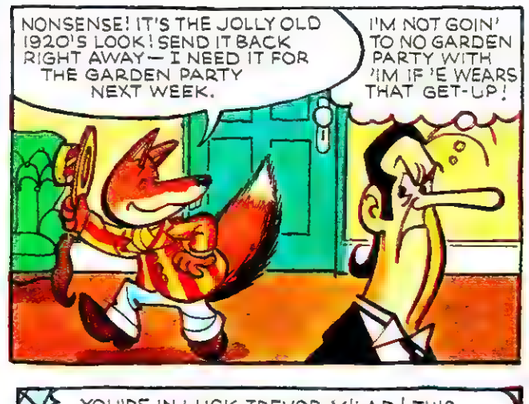
L. Wiggins, Pinner, Middx

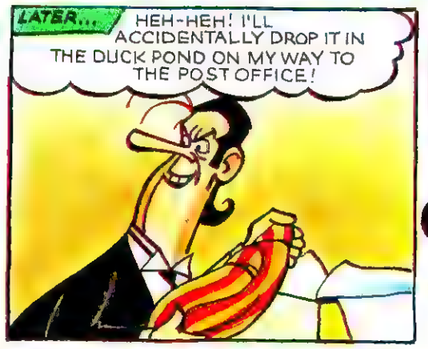
*A **blow** for freedom!*

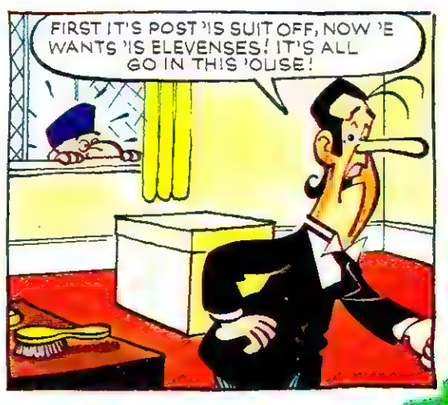
BASIL BRUSH

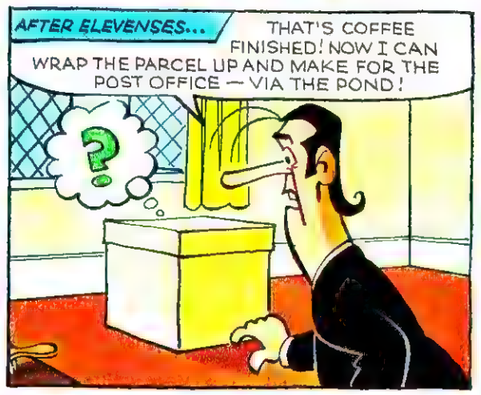


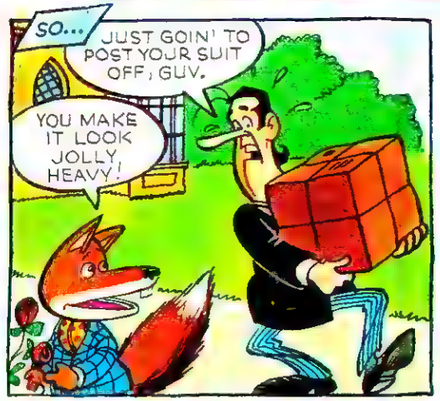
IT'S SLIGHTLY TOO LARGE SO I'LL HAVE TO SEND IT BACK FOR ALTERATIONS — BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, CHUMMERS?
'ORRIBLE, GUV. YOU KNOW I 'ATES FLASHY CLOTHES!


NONSENSE! IT'S THE JOLLY OLD 1920'S LOOK! SEND IT BACK RIGHT AWAY — I NEED IT FOR THE GARDEN PARTY NEXT WEEK.
I'M NOT GOIN' TO NO GARDEN PARTY WITH 'IM IF 'E WEARS THAT GET-UP!



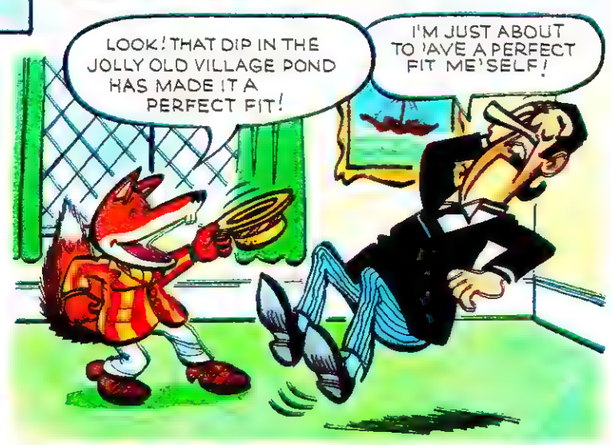






BACK HOME...
...SO I BOUGHT YOU THIS SUIT WITH SOME OF THE REWARD MONEY!
MOST KIND OF YOU, OLD CHUM, BUT IT'S RATHER DULL, ISN'T IT? I MUCH PREFERRED THE OTHER ONE.
KNOCK! KNOCK!

TINY'S BACK INSIDE SO MY MISSUS CLEANED AND PRESSED THE OUTFIT HE'D STOLEN, BASIL!
I'LL SEND IT BACK RIGHT AWAY, GUV!
VIA THE RUBBISH TIP!
THERE'S NO NEED, CHUMMERS!



A-rootin' tootin' Basil heads this way next week!

TARZAN

TARZAN and Boy wander through some of the dense jungle of the great African interior, which represents their home...

LOOK THERE, TARZAN! NEVER HAVE I SEEN A BIRD SUCH AS THAT!

THE JUNGLE CREATURES ARE MANY AND VARIED, BOY!

BOY HARDLY HEARS TARZAN'S REPLY, AS...

I SHALL CATCH IT FOR A PET, TARZAN!

BOY— WAIT...!

AND, LIKE A SPRINGING LEOPARD...

UHH!

WHY DID YOU STOP ME, TARZAN?

A TRUE HUNTER'S SENSES MUST BE AS SWIFT AS HIS MOVEMENTS, BOY. YOU WOULD HAVE RUN INTO THE SWAMP!

THOUGH IT IS SAID THAT A REMOTE TRIBE INHABIT IT S HEART, EVEN I WOULD NOT CARE TO ENTER THERE, BOY! ALREADY IT HAS CLAIMED THE LIVES OF MANY CARELESS WARRIORS!

SUDDENLY..

AAAGH!

TARZAN, EVEN NOW SOMEONE IS IN DANGER!

..THEN THE JUNGLE SPIRITS HAVE BROUGHT US TO THIS PLACE FOR A PURPOSE, BOY— COME...

WE CAN TRAVEL ONLY IN SAFETY WHERE THE LIANAS GROW .. AIEE! IT IS FAR ENOUGH...

FOR GLORY'S SAKE... HEEELP!

TARZAN WASTES NO TIME...

TAKE HOLD... YOU WILL SOON BE CLEAR...

BUT...

TARZAN... BEWARE! THE LIANA— IT IS GIVING...! IT WILL BREAK!

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Can Tarzan hold on? See next week.

BANK NOTICE BOARD

DAD'S ARMY

©1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd

BANK SPORTS GROUND

ARE YOU SURE IT'S A GOOD IDEA, TRYING TO TEACH AMERICAN MARINES TO PLAY CRICKET, SIR?

CERTAINLY, WILSON. THEY'LL RESPECT US FOR TEACHING THEM!

HUH?

GOOD OF YOU TO INVITE US TO THE BALL GAME, CAPTAIN! WHERE'S THE DIAMOND?

I THINK COLONEL SCHULTZ MEANS THE *PITCH*, SIR.

SOON...

DON'T YOU WANT TO BORROW SOME PADS, CORPORAL? I THROW A PRETTY QUICK ONE!

COME ON, BABY! LET'S SEE THE ACTION!

THWACK

I SAY, SIR, WHAT A SIMPLY SPLENDID SHOT!

BUT...

HMMPH! SHEER LUCK! YOU WAIT UNTIL I GET LOOSENED UP, WILSON.

SIX SIXES IN AN OVER, SIR. AT THAT RATE CORPORAL SIKORSKI WILL GET HIS CENTURY IN ANOTHER TWO.

IF YOU CAN DO BETTER, YOU CAN OPEN FROM THE OTHER END!

WILSON AGREES...

NOW HOW DO YOU WANT YOUR FIELD SET?

I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOU, SIR. I'LL JUST THROW IN A FEW SPINNERS, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT.

AND WITH HIS VERY FIRST BALL...

WELL DONE, UNCLE ARTHUR! WHAT A BALL!

FIVE BALLS LATER...

D'YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT'S THE VERY FIRST *DOUBLE HAT-TRICK* I'VE EVER BOWLED?

ALL RIGHT, WILSON, NO NEED TO GET BIG-HEADED. I SHALL POLISH THE REST OFF!

SHORTLY...

FANCY YOU TAKING ALL TEN WICKETS, UNCLE ARTHUR. WON'T MUM BE PROUD!

DON'T LOOK SO SMUG, WILSON. IT'S BATTING THAT WILL WIN US THIS MATCH!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

US ARMY

BATSMAN No 1 73

BATSMAN No 11 0

73 ALL OUT

OVERS BOWLED 45

I'M SURE YOU'LL SCORE THE 73 IN NO TIME AT ALL, SIR!

BUT DISASTER!

SOCK IT TO HIM, BABY!

ZZiiSSS

LUCKILY, THE LAST TWO BATSMEN SHOW THE BULLDOG SPIRIT...

THAT'S IT! *WE'VE WON!*

GOOD OLD SERGEANT WILSON!

GOOD OLD GODFREY!

THANK YOU, COLONEL. WE'LL LOOK FORWARD TO THAT!

WE CAN'T PLAY GAMES ALL THE TIME, WILSON. SOME OF US HAPPEN TO BE FIGHTING A *WAR!*

COME AND PLAY BASEBALL WITH US SOME TIME!

US ARMY

Mainwaring's on a spy hunt soon.

BOPPO'S CLUB

Hello Girls and Boys,

Every day I am receiving letters from Club members telling me of the things they are doing for my Bounty Box fund, and with the summer holidays here I am sure that lots more of you will be doing something to help.

We have nearly twelve thousand boys and girls enrolled in our Club and if we all try to do something, we will be able to work wonders.

A special "thank you" this week to Dorothy Esson of Turriff, near Aberdeen who sent me £2.50 after making and selling toffee to her friends during the last school holiday.

Besides doing things to raise money, I would like our older members to visit some of the special schools and centres for handicapped folk when they hold their open days and fetes. I visit these whenever I can and I am always pleased to learn about the different things being done by the boys and girls who live and work there. These special events are usually mentioned in local newspapers and visitors are always made welcome.

When I was at Blackpool some weeks ago, lots of boys and girls had their photographs taken with me, and I expect their films have been printed by now. I would like to see some of them and will give prizes for any that I publish on this page.

Please send your picture to me at the Club office 2 Westmorland House, 104 Stokes Croft, Bristol BS99 7QX — and be sure to enclose a note of your name, address and membership number, so that it can be returned to you.

'Bye for now.

Boppo

Here I am, hard at work in my office reading your letters and dealing with Club matters.

I-SPY 3

I-SPY LOOKS AT INN-SIGNS

YOU'LL see some inn-signs every day — there are about 70,000 altogether in this country. Here are pictures of just a few of the different kinds you will see . . .

Some inn-signs are painted boards, hanging outside or fixed on the wall; some are cut out of metal; some are actual objects; I've seen a real beehive outside the "Beehive Pub", a headless wooden figure of a woman outside "The Headless Woman" and at Croydon "The Propeller" has a real propeller outside.

You can divide inn-signs into groups; perhaps they could be signs associated with drink; food; religion; heraldry; history; kingdom; mythology; fiction; trade; the Services; sport; transport; geography; the sea; local landmarks; humour; and a mixture of objects.

Some inn-signs will make you wonder how they got their name. "The Who'da Thought It" (H) for example. Some inn-signs give you quite a bit of information. "Ye Old Fighting Cocks" (C) for instance tells us that it's the oldest inhabited licenced house in England. It's at St Albans, by the way.

You can make a "collection" of inn-signs in a book of your own. Copy into it all the interesting ones you see and note where they are, with a sketch or a drawing. Your parents could probably find out for you, from the landlord, something of the history of each inn.

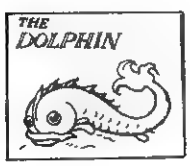
Big Chief I-SPY
Wigwam-by-the-Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London. W2 1EP.

Cut along border

A

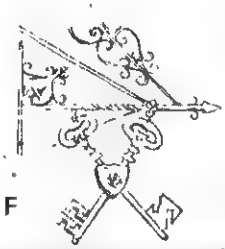
B

C



D

E



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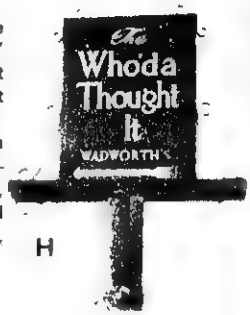

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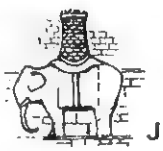


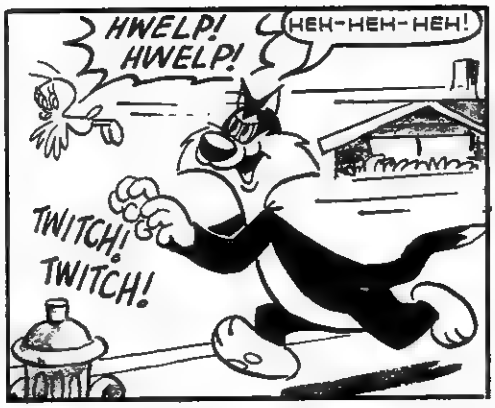
J

K

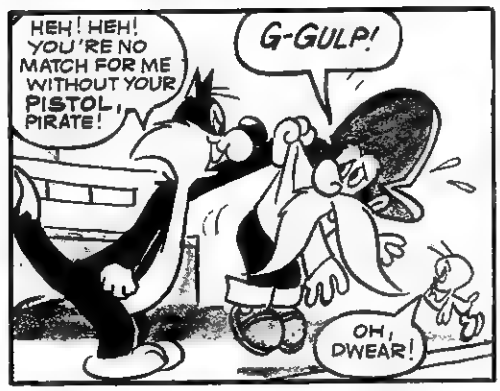
The BUGS BUNNY Show

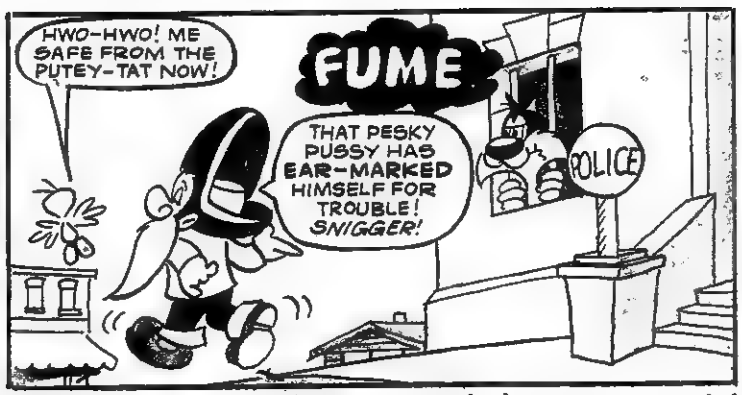
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

'WHAT AN EARFUL!'



ER... JUST STRETCHING MY LEGS, PIRATE! I'M GOING TO ABOUT-TURN, NOW AND STRETCH THEM IN THE...ER.. OPPOSITE DIRECTION!
TWEE-HEE-HEE!
JUST YOU DO THAT, CAT!





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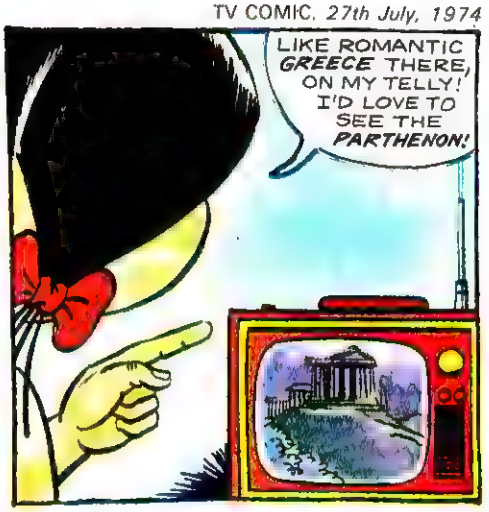
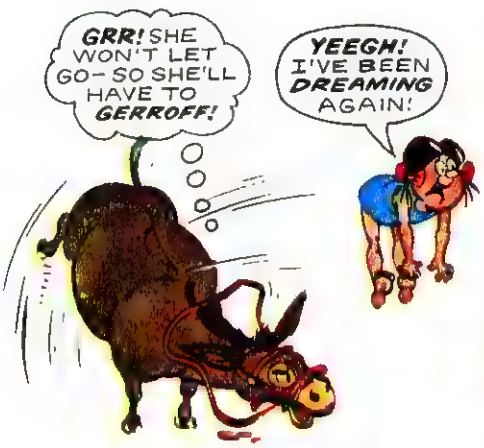
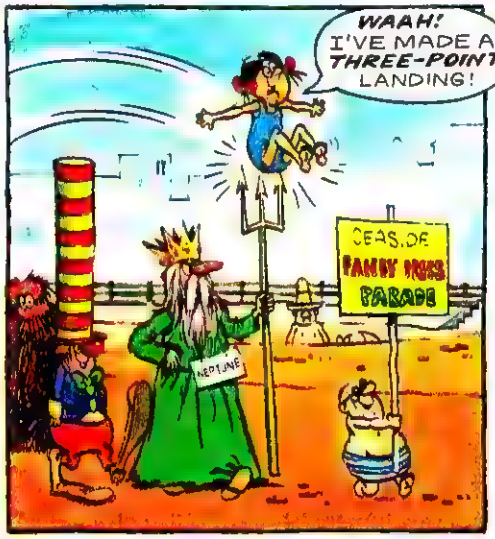
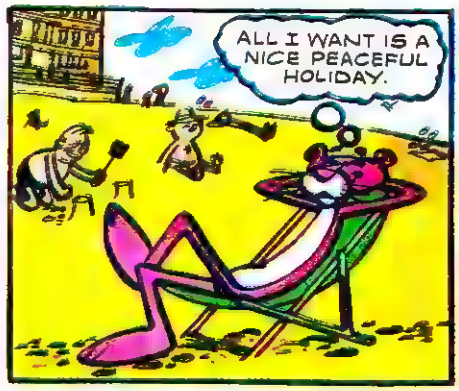
Bugsy's not photo genial next week!

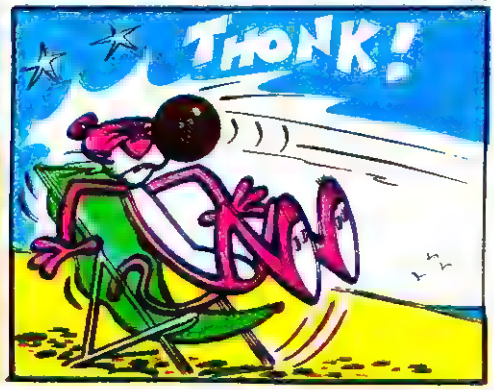
NELLY AND HER TELLY

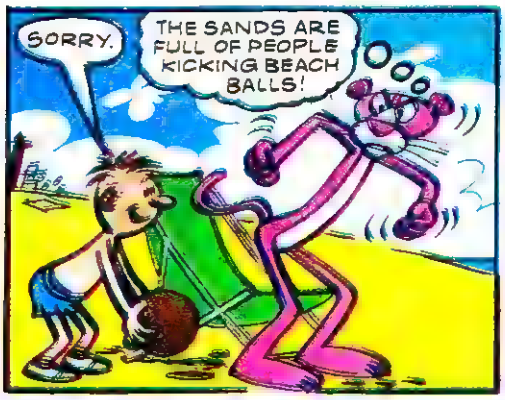


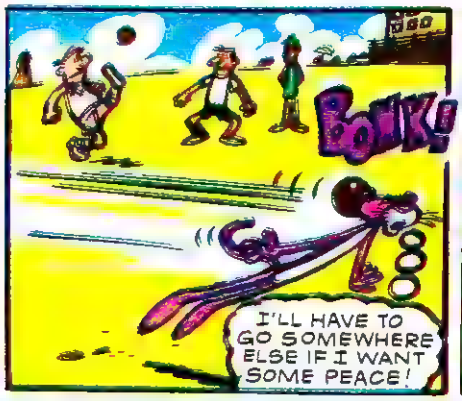


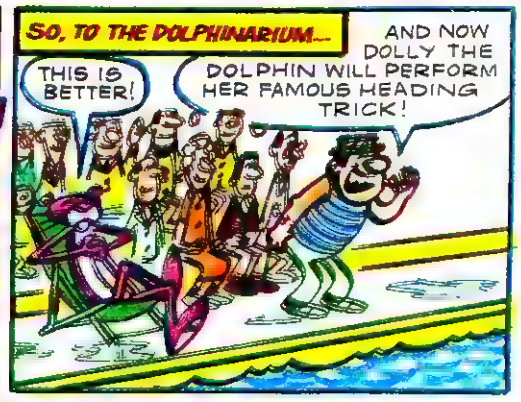


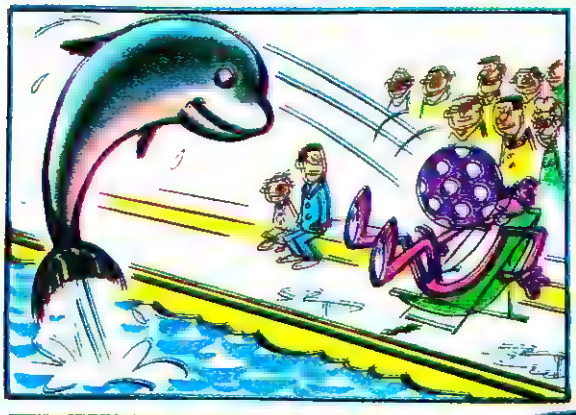


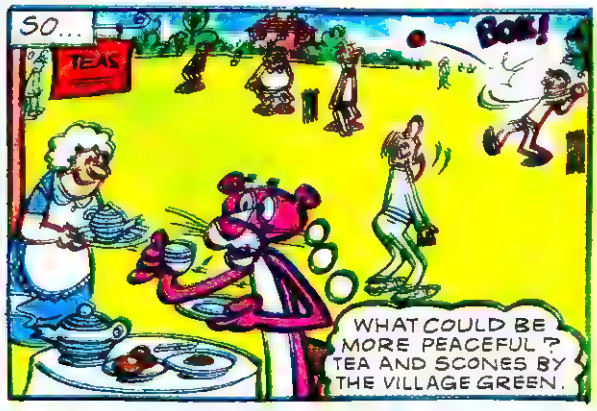


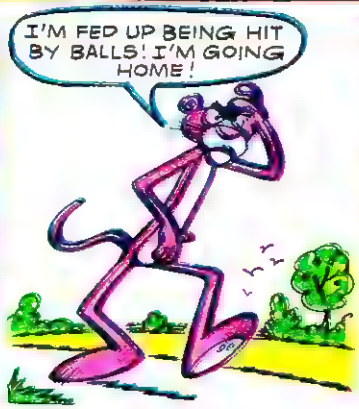


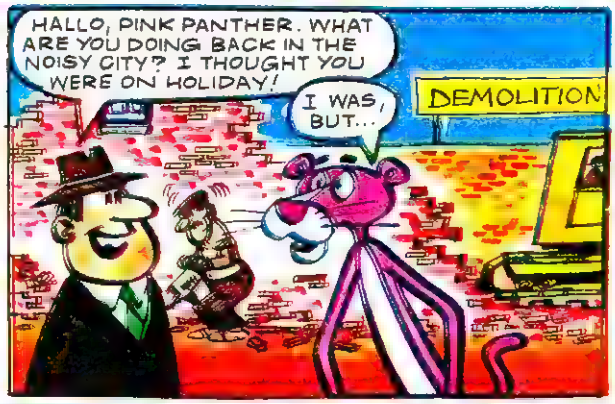


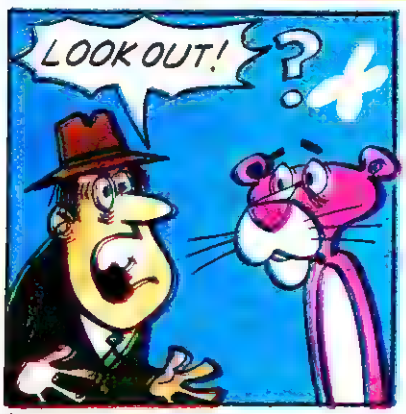


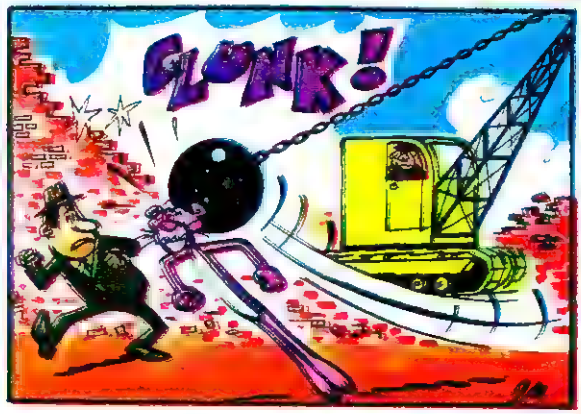


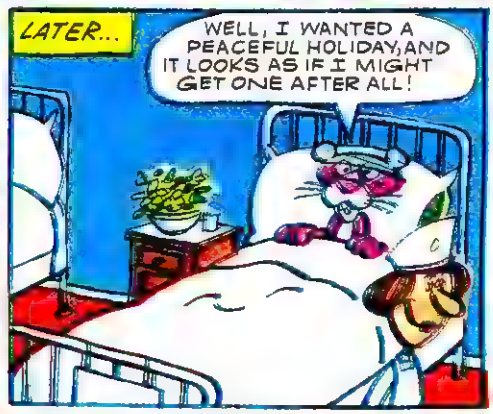












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Panther leaps in for a loss soon!

FREE

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Name .....

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.....

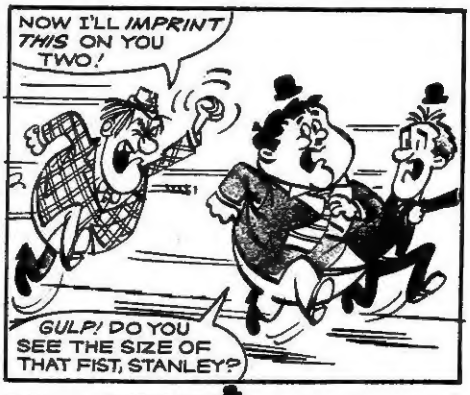
(IN BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

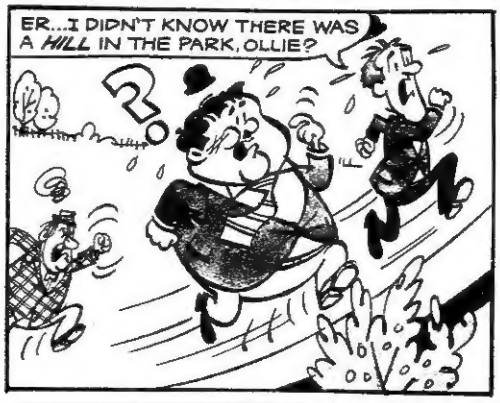
TV 2

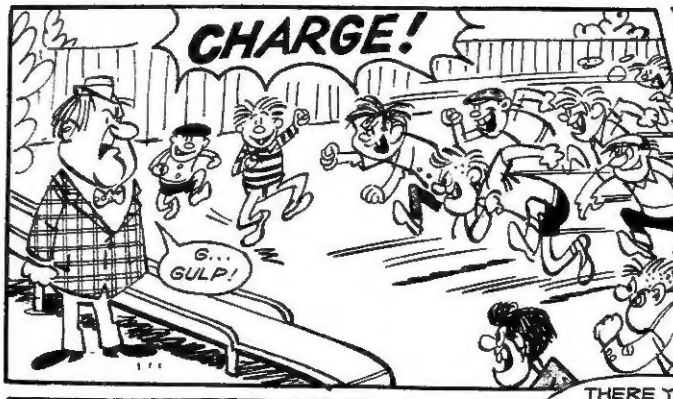
Laurel & Hardy

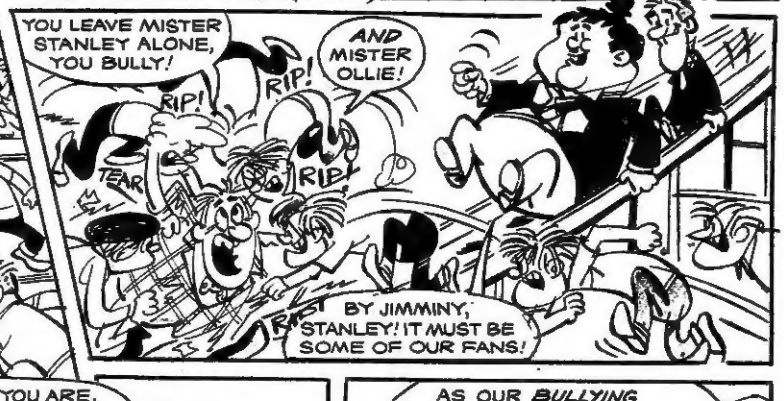
© 1974 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

EXCUSE ME, MY GOOD MAN, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD PICK UP THAT TOFFEE PAPER?
BUZZ OFF! IT ISN'T MY TOFFEE PAPER, YOU OLD BUSTYBODY!









THERE YOU ARE, CONSTABLE! A PERFECT FIT! THE RAGS DO BELONG TO HIM!
B... BUT!
H'MM! I THINK THAT'S PRETTY CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE!
IT SEEMS WE HAVE EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT FANS, STANLEY!

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DR WHO 'THE MAGICIAN!'

BACK in feudal England, the Doctor learns from a fellow prisoner, Haval, that Lord Beavain is under the power of his evil brother and the sinister magician, Signus. Escaping from their dungeon, the Doctor and Haval are about to use the castle moat to escape, when Signus mysteriously appears, to tell them of their fate if they chance it . . .

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THOSE GUARDS ARE IMPALED ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MOAT?
IN TRUTH THAT IS SO, DOCTOR. AN INVENTION OF MY OWN, THAT ME LORD WALDEAU WAS PLEASED TO ACCEPT.
ONLY THAT RASCALLY USURPER WOULD LISTEN TO THE SON OF SATAN!

IF I AM TO DIE, THEN THOU SHALT BE MINE COMPANION, SORCERER!
STAY! HAVE A CARE, MASTER HAVAL! DO NOT TEST MY ANGER!
CALM DOWN, OLD FRIEND. IF WE WERE DUE FOR THE EXECUTIONER HE WOULD HAVE SOUNDED THE ALARM.

I SEE YOU ARE A MAN OF CUNNING, DOCTOR. BUT COME, WE WILL DISCOURSE LATER, I HEAR MORE GUARDS APPROACHING!
WE HAVE LITTLE CHOICE, HAVAL. IT IS THE HOSPITALITY OF THE MAGICIAN OR HIS MASTER.

SECONDS LATER...
I HEARD A SOUND AS IF STONES HAD FALLEN IN THE MOAT.
NOT STONES, MASTER SIGNUS. T'WAS TWO ESCAPING PRISONERS GONE TO THE PRINCE OF HELL. GO BACK TO THY BED IN PEACE. HIS LORDSHIP SHALL BE TOLD ANON.

MEANWHILE, THE DOCTOR AND HAVAL HAVE ENTERED THE EERIE WORLD OF SIGNUS, THE MAGICIAN...
WHAT PLACE IS THIS? I FEAR TO ENTER, DOCTOR.
NONSENSE! THERE IS NO DANGER, YOU HAVE MY WORD FOR IT, HAVAL!

HOW CAN YOU SHOW SUCH CALM, WHEN THE WIZARD'S FAMILIAR FOLLOWS OUR EVERY MOVE?
FOR GOODNESS SAKE BE QUIET, HAVAL! MY ANCIENT PERSIAN IS SO RUSTY, I DO BELIEVE I'VE NEARLY FORGOTTEN IT... CHEREDA... SUR...

...OF COURSE. WHAT A FOOL I AM!
THIS SIGNUS IS A MAN OF SOME CONSIDERABLE LEARNING, AND IGNORANCE. EVEN SO, I CAN SEE I HAVE A BATTLE ON MY HANDS!

SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE...?
BY ALL THE SAINTS!
LET US FREE, YOU WARLOCK!
NAY, NAY, MY PRIZE BIRDS. THERE YE MUST STAY UNTIL I HAVE PERSUADED LORD WALDEAU TO AGREE TO MY SCHEME!
MY PERSUASION MUST BE GREAT, FOR BY THE MORROW THE PLANETS WILL BE IN THEIR MOST POWERFUL LINE. BUT I HAVE MUCH TO DO IN PREPARATION.
BUT COMES THE NEXT DAY AND LORD WALDEAU DE BEAUVAIN IS NOT IN GOOD HUMOUR...
MERCY, MY LORD! HOW CAN A POOR WIDOW WOMAN PAY WITHOUT STARVING HER CHILDREN?
CEASE THY SNIVELLING AND BEGONE!
TAKE CARE, MASTER SIGNUS. OUR LIEGE HAS NEWS FROM COURT. THE KING MAKES COMPLAINT OF HIS HEAVY HAND UPON THE VASSALS!
NOT LONG AFTER...
A PRETTY NEST OF VIPERS YOU WOULD HAVE ME REST UPON, SIGNUS. THE KING IS SENDING ONE TO EXAMINE US! IF THE TRUTH IS OUT, I AM UNDONE!
STAY, MY LIEGE. TRUST MY WISDOM AND THY SALVATION IS AT HAND!
TRUST YOU, GOAT! BETTER I CHOKE THE LIES FROM THY BODY AND BE DONE!
I...I BEG THEE, MY LORD! L...LISTEN TO MY COUNSEL!
IF THOU COULDST BE IN THY BROTHER'S FORM, THE KING WOULD NOT QUESTION THY JUSTICE.
YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES! IS THIS NOT SOME PLOT AGAINST ME, TO SAVE THY TREACHEROUS SKIN?
I, FIRST, WILL TRANSFER MY BEING TO ANOTHER TO ARREST THY FEARS. THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE DOCTOR!

Don't miss next week's episode.

POPEYE
SPINACH
WIMPY SEEMS TO BECOME FATTER EVERY DAY. WHAT HE NEEDS IS SOME EXERCISE.
WIMPY, HOW ABOUT PLAYIN' A ROUND OF GOLF WITH ME?
SORRY, POPEYE. I CAN'T INDULGE IN SUCH ENERGETIC PASTIMES ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!
I'LL BUY YA A HAMBURGER IF YA BEATS ME!
WHERE ARE THE GOLF CLUBS?
I HAS A FEELIN' WIMPY MAY WIN WITH A PRIZE LIKE A HAMBURGER BEIN' OFFERED!
BUT AT THE GOLF COURSE...
IT'S NO USE WAITING, POPEYE. THE COURSE IS PACKED!
QUEUE HERE
IT WOULD BE NIGHTFALL BY THE TIME YOU COULD DRIVE OFF!
DON'T WORRY, WIMPY. WE'LL MAKE IT A MATCH ON THE PUTTIN' GREEN!
BUT...
SORRY, POPEYE, THE PUTTING GREEN IS FULL!
MY CHANCE OF A BIG WIN SHATTERED! SOB!
STOP BLUBBERIN'! WE'LL PLAY CRAZY GOLF!
ARE YOU CRAZY? THEY'RE QUEUEING TO PLAY THE CRAZY GOLF!
CRAZY GOLF
I KNOW I COULD WIN THAT HAMBURGER IF I ONLY HAD HALF THE CHANCE!
QUIT WORRYIN'; I KNOW SOMEWHERE THAT WON'T BE CROWDED WHERE WE CAN MAKE OUR OWN COURSE!
LATER...
HALLO, SWEE'PEA. WHY ARE YOU STARING OUT TO SEA?
I'M WATCHIN' UNCA POPEYE AN' WIMPY PLAY GOLF!
IF I SINK THIS PUTT I'LL BE THE WORLD UNDERWATER GOLF CHAMPION!
ARF! ARF!

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Swee'pea sweeps the sky soon!